

CHURCH MATTERS.

Religious Notices.
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Prayer service on the Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Sunday school prayer meeting, Sabbath, at 7.30 a. m. Weekly prayer meeting, Thursday, at 7.45 p. m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Ezra D. Simons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Temperance meeting on Tuesday evenings. Prayer meeting on Thursday evenings. Young People's meeting, Sabbath evening at 6.30 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. D. R. Lowrie, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 2.30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evenings at 7.45. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7.45 o'clock.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Fremont street, corner Franklin.—Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlour.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal).—Liberty street.—Rev. W. G. Farrington, D.D. Morning service, 10.30 a. m. Second service, 4 p. m. Sunday school at 2.45 p. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. J. M. Napolitano, Pastor. First mass, 8.30 a. m. High mass, 10.30 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

BERKELEY UNION BAPTIST SCHOOL.—Held in Berkeley Schoolhouse, Bloomfield avenue, every Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATKINS M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. Covans, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7.45. Class meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45.

ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH (Watkins).—Rev. Daniel I. Edwards, Rector. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock; evening service, 7.30. Sunday school, 3 p. m.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10.30 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, 7.45 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookside).—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

HOPE CHAPEL.—Sunday school every Sabbath at 3.30 p. m. John G. Brighton, Superintendent.

SILVER LAKE.—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 p. m. Charles A. Hubbs, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7.30 o'clock. Prayer and conversational meeting, Friday evening.

List of Letters

Remaining included in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday, July 30, 1884.

Bunn, Wm. H. Klusman, Wm.
 Brundeth, Thos. L. Kanish, Chas.
 Cain, Mfe. Annie Leyden, Annie
 Cooper, Elijah McGee, Wm.
 Fisher, August Marks, Wm.
 Rice, Mamie Nell, John
 Gilbride, Mrs. Ottilie Page, Helen
 Higgins, W. T. Sarsfield, Mrs. Sofia
 Hopping, S. Horace Sparks, Mrs.
 Any person calling for the above will please ask for "advertisers' letters."

H. DODD, P. M.

More Light.

To the Citizens:
 The Town Committee find the Gas Company unwilling to lay gas mains up Washington street. It is because it is a principal thoroughfare, and they fear that the great numbers who are obliged to climb that dark street would discover how poor the gas might be? Or, perhaps it is the exceeding inane consciousness of that monopoly, that would not permit the funds of the town to be squandered. Give us more light.

X. L. P.

Bloomfield Township Property.

To the Bloomfield Citizen:
 The following is the amount of property of Bloomfield Township, as reported at the meeting of the Board of Assessors, on Monday, July 28th:

Real Personal Total Light taxes
 Val. of 1884 \$2,225,322 \$192,920 \$2,418,242 \$201,079
 Val. of 1883 2,181,680 147,144 2,328,824 191,992
 Increase 44,642 \$60,388 18,916

Showing an increase on real and personal, but a decrease on the aggregate of \$3,917. This decrease is owing mostly to the law passed by the last Legislature, exempting soldiers and firemen from taxation on \$500 on real and personal property. There is also a decrease in the amount of bank stock. The rate per cent. cannot be stated until the Town Committee have decided what amount is to be raised for gas; probably not less than 2.20 per cent.

ASSESSOR.

His Twelfth Birthday.

To the Citizens:
 An epochal birthday (the 12th) was celebrated on Monday last by one of our well known West End families. Some twenty invited young friends of both sexes deemed this occasion of his advancement to the youthful fraternity of the "sons of election" interest for special congratulations and cheering. The festivities and rejoicings were chiefly developed at a picnic in Ward's fine natural grove, on the hillside, between Midland and Glenridge avenues.

The temperament of the company was well ballasted by the presence of a few "young old folks." The day was splendid, the weather delightful and exhilarating, and all the company in high spirits. The provisions were abundant and excellent, and there was no end to the resources of amusement.

With due consent it was a day to be long remembered.

Pocantico.

"No Hotel."

To the Citizens:
 I was somewhat surprised at the invitation you extended under above heading to some one to open another saloon in Bloomfield. When five came from Heaven, as it were, and destroyed that pest house, the old hotel, I heard more than one say, "Thank God! our prayers are answered at last. That worst of the worst element of our population, and to pass that corner after dark was more than any lady cared to do without a protector. And it is well known that there the Sabbath was desecrated, and the law defied. And will another be better? We think not. Without rum it cannot succeed, and that rum will be sold not to transient travellers but to our citizens, to our own young men."

A hotel in Bloomfield depending on travellers for support could not live a week. Pray who will the travellers be? and whither going? If Bloomfield was on a main line of travel that might be an argument in favor of it, but in going from Newark to Montclair the weary traveller could hardly be expected to stop over at Bloomfield, when a hotel in Montclair extends its hand in welcome, to say nothing of the disappointed ones left behind in Newark. The rum interest taxes the community enough now. We beseech you don't encourage any more leeches, which only imperish, to settle among us.

OCCASIONALLY.

Benedick the Married Man.

To the Citizens:
 Reading in your last issue the doleful picture of married life for the husband portrayed by "X. L. P.," and fearing that some of our bachelor friends may be deterred from entering the state of matrimony by that article, I wish to remind them that he only represented an *ideal* man and not the average, whom we know, and live with, and who are frequently at the meeting of the loose company, or in attendance upon the duties of the truck house till a late hour; whose wives, weary of waiting, have done all those domestic duties he enumerates, and having closed the house (no sin in summer), mashing their fingers between the screens and windows, and having "locked up" the dog, and secured the dog, thoughtfully places his majestic night shirt in such a position on the foot of the bed that he will be sure to get his head in at the right end, when later he lets himself in quietly with the night key, and retires with no more care than the sparrows outside. Let none of our male friends fear that matrimony will of necessity convert them into the *ideal* man. They may enter the lists fearlessly, being assured they can have all the immunity from care that their married friends now enjoy.

HILDA.

Border Trees—Gas-lights.

To the Citizens:
 Some months since, there appeared in the *Citizen*, a monograph in relation to this subject. It probably attracted no attention as it elicited comment. But there are many that consider the subject of sufficient importance to impress citizens generally with the need of some wise and vigorous action of the proper authority.

Border trees along our streets should be a great addition to the beauty of our thoroughfares as well as to the comfort of our locomotive inhabitants. Yet they may be so thickly set, or so dense in foliage, or so obstructive of pleasant views and free air, or so dilapidated and ugly as to be painful to refined taste and detrimental to health.

So, also, street gas-lights are intended, by their illumination of our walks and drives, to make the pathways clear and the roads safe, by night as well as by day. But it is of their relations to, or rather of their interference with each other that we would speak. It can hardly be possible that whoever has walked or driven about the village of an evening has failed to notice how frequently and how seriously the gas-light is hooded and obstructed by the foliage of the border trees. This is not only dangerous and inconvenient, but in such places it gives a most hideous and dismal aspect to the scene, and confers a depressing effect upon our sociability and disposition for evening amusements.

It is gratifying to know, however, that a remedy is possible and easy. It is simply to trim up the border trees to a sufficient height to allow the lamp to emit its luminous rays along the sidewalk and the drive ways without limit or obstruction. Many citizens have attended to this themselves much to the credit of their good tastes and neighborly instincts. Others have omitted it, it may be, from thoughtlessness or many cares.

But if this paragraph has the effect of awakening interest and attention, there will speedily be an improvement in town appearances that will surprise even our Bloomfield Improvement Society, if it is still living. We will only add that we wish the Town Committee would officially recommend it, and establish the lowest limit for the first limb at fifteen feet.

Pocantico.

Blaine's Record.

To the Bloomfield Citizen:
 Knowing that the *CITIZEN* is sincerely desirous of Blaine's election, and is willing to use all lawful means to that end, and being a constant reader and profound admirer of the *CITIZEN*, I venture to make the following suggestions:

First, That you explain the "Mulligan Letters" to your readers, so that they may appear to them, in the light they do to you, as casting no cloud on Mr. Blaine's fair fame.

Second, That you quote those letters in full, with your explanations to the *CITIZEN*. Third, That you state specifically the things that Mr. Blaine has done or said that entitle him to the rank of a statesman, or to aspire to the Presidency.

Fourth, That you answer the objections of those misguided men, styled Independ-

ents, in some more lucid manner than by calling them "Babes in the Wood."

Not that I mean to question the completeness of that answer, but merely to suggest that it is above the comprehension of the average reader.

Fifth, That you explain to our citizens of Irish birth—what seems so plain to you—why it is their duty to vote for Mr. Blaine, and what they, as distinguished from citizens of other birth, are to gain thereby.

This will afford interesting reading, and when you have made these explanations and answers, in your usual convincing style, you will have attempted and accomplished what no other Blaine paper has yet done. You owe this to your readers, for several among them are in the dark on these questions, and it should be your mission to enlighten them.

W. F. T. P.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

The Editors of the *CITIZEN* do not hold themselves responsible for anything that may be printed in this column.

Old Barley's Angel.

Old Barley was a man less than forty years of age, whose rightful name was James Bartlet.

He had been nicknamed Old Barley by his drinking comrades, and he meekly accepted the name, being too spiritless to care what he was called.

Barley had a wife and one child; the latter a lively little girl of five summers, so far and fragile in appearance that she was called "Old Barley's Angel," by all the people in the narrow lane where they lived.

Poor Old Barley was prematurely old, and was also ruining himself with drink, so that his self respect was gone, and his reputation also. But there was one thing remarkable about him, and that was his love for his baby girl, Violet. When not stupid from drink, he would carry her about where ever he went, and the children of the road said "Old Barley was never without his angel."

Dear little Violet, with equal fondness for her papa, followed his stumbling steps when he was intoxicated, and often sat by his side when he slept the sleep of drunkenness. The pair were inseparable, and it was a strange sight to see the rough, moonlight-looking man and the pure, fair child together. One evening, after Bartlet had thrashed all day just because Violet would cry if he were to leave her, he slipped from her side and started for the saloon, where he could allay the thirst that was likely to consume him; but had not gone far, when he heard the little feet pattering after him and the baby voice calling, "Daddy Barley! Daddy Barley! take Violet with you; she wants to go, come, Daddy!" and the child began to cry plaintively when her father did not heed her.

This was too much for Bartlet, and he turned back and lifted the baby girl in his arms, while her golden curls fell over his shoulder.

She nestled down contented now, and talked in a soft, cooing tone as Bartlet carried her home. The poor man had noticed through the day that the child looked more fragile and more beautiful than ever, and her hands seemed hot and dry, so that he feared she was not well, and he made some weak resolutions regarding his bad habits, but the thirst for the cursed drink overcame all other feelings, and now he felt that he must have it.

He took the child to her mother and bade her put her to bed, as he was sure she was not well; and then he hastened away despite of the little voice: "Daddy! Daddy! stay with your baby girl." It gave him pain, it is true, but what was Violet when he wanted a drink?

The mother rocked and soothed the child, singing a soft lullaby, and presently she fell asleep; but soon awakened and began to cry for "Daddy Barley," and begged to be let to go and bring him home.

The mother at first firmly said "No! Violet must go to sleep again." But the little one sobbed and cried until she feared for her health, and then she took her up, carried the golden, shiny ringlets, and poked in her one white dress; and then, throwing a faded shawl around her own person and carefully wrapping the child in a mantle she led her forth, and directed her steps toward the den where she knew the husband and father was spending his money and time.

It was not a very long walk, and the mother stopped when near the door, and said: "Now, Violet, your papa is in that store. Go in and bring him home, and mamma will go back for she is too tired to wait for you."

The child thought not of fear, she only thought of finding her precious father, and she went into the saloon as directed, appearing like a heavenly visitant among the rough crowd there.

"What do you want, little one?" asked the landlord, in a troubled tone, for the child startled him. "I want Daddy Barley. Where is he?" and the great, pure eyes looked with wonder about the room.

"Why, it's Old Barley's Angel," cried one of the men who recognized her, "come here to seek him! Give me a kiss, Angel!" and the man attempted to kiss the fair cheek.

"No, no," said Violet, drawing back, "I want Daddy Barley. Poor man," she added, "don't you think you had better go home? it is not nice in here."

The man addressed laughed faintly, and just then Barley came forward and uttered an exclamation as he saw his child. "Violet, what are you doing here?" he asked, as he stooped and lifted the little one in his arms.

"Oh, Daddy, come home; I could not sleep without you," pleaded the sweet voice. Come, now!"

"One more glass," said Barley, laying some pennies upon the counter with his left hand, while his right one helped to hold the child.

"No, man, don't you give my daddy any more drink; it's bad!" and Violet frowned at the disconcerted landlord, who hesitated a moment and then proceeded to fill the glass with the poison.

When the child saw that her father really meant to drink it, she began to cry, while the men looked on to see whether their comrade would yield to his daughter or to his taste.

"You shall not drink that, Daddy!" and Violet gave the glass a sudden push, which

spilled half its contents. A laugh went round the room, and Bartlet set down the glass upon the counter and left the place, carrying his good angel in his arms.

Whether the damp air of evening affected her, or whether the sickness was coming upon her, no one could tell, but a few hours after that Violet lay dying, while her father, wholly sobered for once, leaned over her couch.

"Daddy," said the failing voice, "I have got to leave you; I am going to die today. Be good boy, Daddy," and Violet fell back and slept her last sleep.

Poor Barley. It was hard for his shattered frame to bear the shock, and as for his heart, it seemed just broken; and he felt that he could never touch the drink that indirectly had killed his baby girl.

It is not likely he would have reformed, even now, but for an accident that fortunately deprived him of the power to obtain the drink for long weeks.

He started forth to go to the Poor-master, for the town must bury Violet, and he went heedlessly along, only thinking of his loss, and was run over by a dray.

The accident was very serious, but not fatal, and the poor man went out from it at last a cured person—cured from the *deadly* drink.

So that the child's death saved him.

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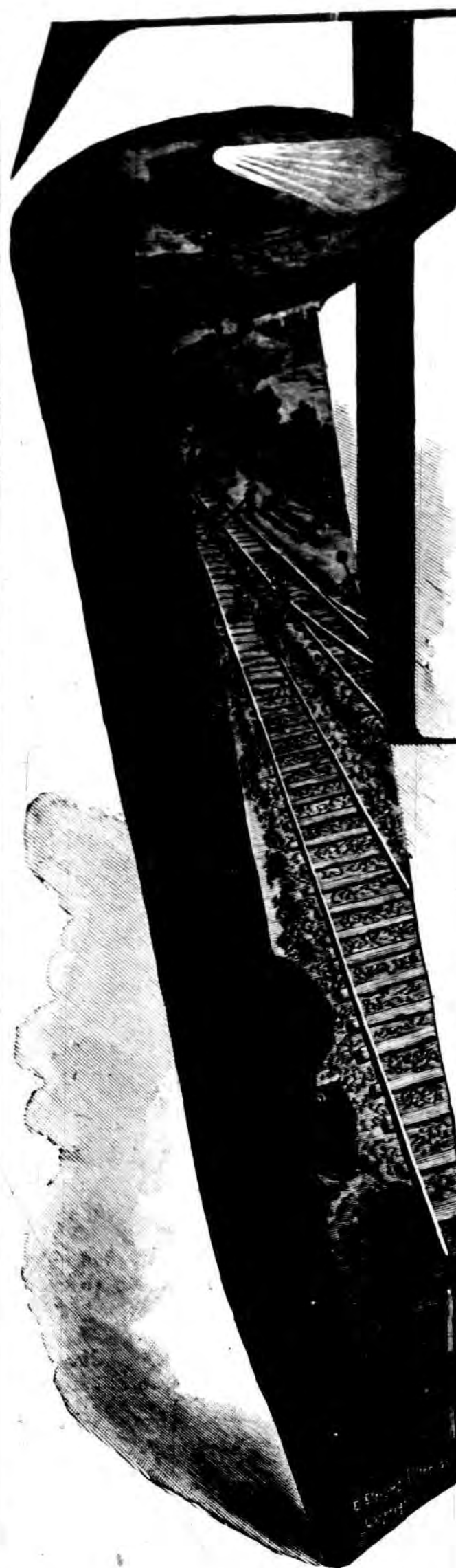
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